

may be reached from Montreal at about one-half of that cost.

The sea is so many-sided, it is not always easy to choose your temporary location. They are fortunate who can take their entire families to some cottage by the sea and make it their summer home. There are many such in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario who annually resort to Murray Bay, Cacouna, Riviere du Loup, Kamouraska, Tadoussac, Metis, and other pleasant places on the St. Lawrence. A considerable number of Canadians, however, as regularly frequent the Atlantic sea-board. The nearest, and the most advantageous in many respects, is the coast of Maine, in the neighborhood of Portland—distant from Montreal in a south-easterly direction 297 miles. It is difficult to conceive of any grander scenery than that through which you pass *en route*. After leaving Lake Memphragog, the Loch-Lomond of Canada, you pass through the heart of the White Mountains, and if you choose you may prolong your stay among them and ascend to the summit of Mount Washington, 6,500 feet above the sea, where you may indulge in a game of snow-ball in the hottest day of summer, and, *perhaps*, witness such a sunrise as you never saw before, unless you have looked upon it from the top of the Righi in Switzerland. If need be, you may find comfortable quarters, and reasonable charges, at the Preble House, Portland, kept by a most obliging ex-Canadian, Mr. Gibson. But you will not stay there very long, for beautiful as the city is for situation, you will soon discover that it is no cooler than Montreal. You may go to Old Orchard Beach, or to Biddiford Pool, or Cape Elizabeth, or Saco, according as you wish to be grave or gay, but for real comfort and quiet enjoyment, as it seems to me, Pezik's Island is the place. "One of the most beautiful Islands in the group of three hundred and sixty in Casco Bay": so says our guide-book. It is certainly beautiful, and even here one may graduate his style of living to suit his taste. There are a number of good hotels, and also of more private lodging houses. At one of the latter it was our good fortune to while away a fortnight in a shady nook, looking out upon the broad Atlantic, listening to the ceaseless murmuring of the waves as they broke on the rocky strand or rolled on the shelving beach, and enlivened by the society of intelligent and agreeable companionship. Most of the visitors hailed from Canada. Some of them had been here many years in succession. Others there were who now came to look upon the sea for the first time; and what an inspiration it was to such! All branches of the Evangelical Church were represented. We had three ministers, Dr. King of Toronto, and Mr. Fisher of Elora, of our own Church, and Mr.

Jackson of the Methodist Church, who has intellect enough to be a Presbyterian. They alternately conducted family worship, morning and evening, in which all the inmates of the house reverently joined. I should say of the "houses", for there are two domiciles, the one being facetiously styled "the Saints' Rest," and the other, "The Sinner's Retreat." The resident population of the Island is about 400. The number of summer visitors is probably twice that number. There is a good church and a resident minister, a Methodist, who is held in high esteem, but is not often heard in the summer time, as he exacts toll from way-faring preachers who come that way. The Sabbath services were well attended and were always interesting. Apart from this, I was struck by the exemplary observance of the Day of rest. In a place where so many young people are brought together, and where one might expect to find home rules and habits less strictly observed; and so near a large city, and liable to be invaded, one would think, with pleasure seekers, yet there was everywhere the strictest propriety. How much of this may be due to the law which makes it a crime, punishable by heavy fine and imprisonment, to sell intoxicating liquors in the State of Maine, it may be difficult to determine. That the law is frequently evaded, and that bad whiskey can still be obtained by those who are willing to pay dearly for it is not denied, but it is certain that the temptation of the open grocery and bar-room at the street corner and in the hotel, which has lured so many to perdition, does not exist, and that, so far at least as appears to the passing traveller, intemperance does not prevail.

Now let me give a brief account of a visit made in company with Mr. Fisher to the *Camp Meeting* at OLD ORCHARD BEACH. This place, as must be known to most of my readers, is one of the most fashionable resorts of American summer tourists, famous for its splendid hotels, its surf-bathing and dust, its round of gaieties and its *Camp-meeting*. We shall confine our remarks to the last named attraction. It was half-past nine a.m., when we reached the camp. The scene which presented itself as we entered the grounds was at once novel and romantic. "The grove" is in the form of a natural amphitheatre, completely shaded by pine trees of such a size as to indicate that they were planted there by nature. All around is an embankment, from ten to fifteen feet in height. This also is flanked with clumps of fir and spruce, among which are ranged in orderly groups canvas tents and wooden cottages very many and very pretty to look at. In the lower area benches are arranged in semi-circular form facing the roofed platform for the speakers. The seating accommodation is said to be for five thousand, but we were assured